

FOUR EXCELLENT NEW ^{11621.6.6}

13

SONGS

- I. As through a Grove.
- II. With the Answer.
- III. The Maid's lament for the loss of
her Maiden-head.
- IV. Sweet William's Ghost.



Printed and sold by WILLIAM FORREST
at the head of the Cow-gate. 1766.

As through a grove I took my way.



AS through a grove I took my way
 One morning by the break of day,
 I heard a damsel sigh and say,
 The man I love is gone away,
 The man I love is gone away,

He is a man I lov'd so dear,
 For to find him I know not where,
 I'll search the world both far and near,
 But that I'll find my dearest dear.

'Twas our mind to have one heart,
 'Twas against our wills to part,
 My silver looks shall ne'er annoy,
 The freedom of my dearest joy.

What strange voice is this I hear?
 I think it is my Molly dear,
 Had I but wings I would fly to you,
 See what the power of love can do.

In lonesome hills and shady rocks,
 Where shepherds feed their tender flocks
 I'll range the hills and valleys low,
 If they were cover'd all with snow.

The lilly banks shall be my bed,
 The heavens shall be my cover lid,
 And there I'll lie till break of day,
 While harmless Robins round me play:

The Answer.

O Yes, O yes, O yes, I cry,
 Tell me you loving standers by,
 If you a wandring heart did see,
 Which lately took its flight from me.

The marks I will describe to you,
 Such hearts you'll say there are but few,
 'Tis milder than the turtle dove,
 And round the same a chain of love,

Just in the middle of this heart,
 There sticks a fatal golden dart,
 From whence fresh streams of blood do
 Pray did you meet this heart or no?(flow;

Cupid a fatal arrow sent,
 And forc'd it from its element,
 Or it had never gone I'm sure,
 Great is the loss which I endure!

If you by fortune find it there,
 Conduct it home to me with care,
 And you shall well rewarded be,
 For your kind fidelity,

Perhaps my heart you may behold,
Among the lambs in Cupid's fold,
Confined like a captive slave,
It is, a boon of Cupid crave.

Intreat him that he'd be so kind,
As not to keep my heart confin'd,
Tell him what grief I undergo,
And how my eyes like fountains flow;

Who knows but he can comfort me,
May set my heart at liberty,
Which favour if I once obtain,
My heart shall ne'er be lost again,

Closet in my breast I'll lock it fast,
And there as long as life doth last,
I'll keep it safe, no charm I'll view,
Because I find what love can do.

It conquers King's and noble Peers,
It makes the valiant soul shed tears,
All this and more fond love can do;
Unto a wounded heart that's true.

*The Maid's lament for the loss of her mai-
en-head,*

ALL you Maidens Fair,
That glory in your prime;
Take care and keep your gardens clear,
Let no man steal your thyme,

When I was a maiden fair
I flourish'd night and day,
And there came by a proper youth
Stealt all my thyme away.

My thyme it is all spent,
For I can plant no new,
The very place where my thyme grew;
And 'tis all laid o'er with rue.

Stand up my little hope,
And do not me deny ;
If this young Man come not back again,
I'm sure undone am I.

The Gardener sent his word,
And he gave his choice of three ;
The spink revileth the prim-rose,
And she denied all three.

The prim-rose she denied,
It's an herb that grows too soon ;
The tulips is over wet,
And duly wet full June.

Forfaken folk must live,
Altho' it be in pain ;
And the Grass that's troden under feet,
Tho' time will rise again,

(6)
Sweet William's Ghost.

THere came a ghost to Marg'ret's door
With many a grievous gron;
And ay he tirl'd at the pin,
But answer she made none.

Is that my father Philip,
Or is't my brother John?
Or is't my true love Willy
From Scotland new came home?

'Tis not thy Father Philip,
Nor yet thy brother John;
But 'tis thy true love Willy
From Scotland new come home.

O sweet Marg'ret! O dear Marg'ret!
I pray thee speak to me;
Give me my faith and troth, Marg'ret,
As I gave it to thee.

Thy-faith and troth thou's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till that thou come within my bower
And kiss my cheek and chin.

If I should come within thy bower,

I am no earthly man ;
 And should I kiss thy rosy lips,
 Thy days will not be lang.

O sweet Marg'ret ! O dear Marg'ret !
 I pray thee speak to me ;
 Give me my faith and troth Marg'ret,
 As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
 Nor yet will I thee lend,
 Till you take me to yon kirk-yard
 And wed me with a ring.

My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard
 Afar beyond the sea ;
 And it is but my spirit Marg'ret,
 That's now speaking to thee.

She stretch'd out her lilly-white hand,
 And for to do her best ;
 Hae there's your faith and troth Willy,
 God send thy soul good rest ;

Now she has kilted her robes of green,
 A piece below her knee,
 And a' the live lang winter-night,
 The dead corpse follow'd she.

Is there any room at your head Willy ?
 Or any room at your feet ?

Or any room at your side Willy,
Wherein that I may creep?

There's no room at my head Marg'ret;
There's no room at my feet;
There's no room at my side Marg'ret,
My coffin's made so meet.

Then up and crew the red red cock,
And up then crew the gray;
'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Marg'ret,
That you were going away.

No more the ghost to Marg'ret said,
But with a grievous groan,
Evinish'd in a cloud of mist,
And left her all alone.

O stay, my only true love, stay,
The constant Marg'ret cry'd;
Wan grew her cheeks, she clos'd her een,
Stretch'd her soft limbs and dy'd.

10 JU 52

F I N I S.

